

**THE SIMPSONS**

**"Krusty Gets Busted"**

**Cast List**

HOMER.....DAN CASTELLANETA  
MARGE.....JULIE KAVNER  
LISA.....YEARDLEY SMITH  
BART.....NANCY CARTWRIGHT  
PATTY.....JULIE KAVNER  
SELMA.....JULIE KAVNER  
KRUSTY.....DAN CASTELLANETA  
SIDESHOW BOB.....KELSEY GRAMMER  
BRITTANY.....PAMELA HAYDEN  
APU.....HANK AZARIA  
EDDY.....HARRY SHEARER  
LOU.....HANK AZARIA  
POLICE ARTIST.....HARRY SHEARER  
WIGGUM.....HANK AZARIA  
ANNOUNCER.....HARRY SHEARER  
SCOTT CHRISTIAN.....DAN CASTELLANETA  
KENT BROCKMAN..... HARRY SHEARER  
JUDGE.....DAN CASTELLANETA  
REVEREND LOVEJOY.....HARRY SHEARER

MERCHANDISER #1.....HANK AZARIA  
MERCHANDISER #2.....PAMELA HAYDEN  
MERCHANDISER #3.....HARRY SHEARER  
DISTRICT ATTORNEY.....HARRY SHEARER  
DEFENSE LAWYER.....HANK AZARIA  
DIRECTOR.....HANK AZARIA  
JURY FOREPERSON.....NANCY CARTWRIGHT  
MERCHANT.....HARRY SHEARER  
REPORTER #1.....HARRY SHEARER  
REPORTER #2.....HANK AZARIA  
REPORTER #3.....NANCY CARTWRIGHT  
SECURITY GUARD.....HARRY SHEARER

**KRUSTY GETS BUSTED**

**BY**

**JAY KOGEN & WALLACE WOLODARSKY**

**ACT ONE**

**FADE IN:**

**INT. TELEVISION STUDIO - KRUSTY'S CIRCUS RING**

We hear CIRCUS MUSIC. A spotlight hits a small clown car which is driving into the ring. KRUSTY THE CLOWN hops out. There is a bleacher full of young CHILDREN, who CHEER wildly.

**KRUSTY**

Hey, kids! Who do you love?

**CHILDREN**

Krusty!

**KRUSTY**

How much do you love me?

**INT. SIMPSON LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Bart, Lisa and Maggie are sitting on the couch, watching Krusty on TV.

**BART/LISA/CHILDREN**

With all our hearts!

**KRUSTY (O.S.)**

What would you do if I went off the  
air?

**BART/LISA/CHILDREN**

We'd kill ourselves!

**BACK TO CIRCUS RING**

SIDESHOW BOB, a Wild-Man-of-Borneo-type who speaks with a slide whistle, enters with an eight year old girl, BRITTANY.

SIDESHOW BOB

(BLOWS SLIDE WHISTLE UP AND DOWN)

KRUSTY

(HAS UNDERSTOOD WHISTLE) What's that,  
Sideshow Bob? This is Brittany and  
today's her birthday?

SIDESHOW BOB

(BLOWS HIS WHISTLE UP)

KRUSTY

Well, happy birthday, Brittany. How do  
you want to celebrate? Do you want me  
to sing you a birthday song?

SIDESHOW BOB

(BLOWS HIS WHISTLE ENTHUSIASTICALLY)

KRUSTY

Or do you want me to shoot Sideshow Bob  
out of a cannon? (LAUGHS)

SIDESHOW BOB

(BLOWS HIS WHISTLE DOWN)

BACK TO BART AND LISA

BART/LISA/CHILDREN

(CHANTING) The cannon. The cannon.  
The cannon. The cannon.

BACK TO STUDIO

BRITTANY

The cannon.

Everyone CHEERS.

KRUSTY

(SHRUGS) Sorry Sideshow Bob, but it's  
her special birthday wish.

BACK TO BART

BART

(LAUGHING) You're doomed, Sideshow Bob.

BACK TO STUDIO

Krusty, Sideshow Bob and Brittany are standing by a large  
cannon. The cannon is aimed at a safety net in the b.g.

KRUSTY

I know we haven't had much luck  
shooting you out of this cannon, but  
maybe that's because we haven't used  
enough gun powder!

Krusty picks up a big can labeled GUN POWDER and pours it  
liberally into the cannon.

KRUSTY

You think that's enough, Sideshow Bob?

SIDESHOW BOB

(BLOWS HIS WHISTLE ENTHUSIASTICALLY)

Sideshow Bob climbs into the cannon. Krusty tamps Bob down  
with a big plunger.

KRUSTY

You comfy in there, Sideshow Bob?

SIDESHOW BOB (O.S.)

(BLOWS ECHOING WHISTLE DOWN)

KRUSTY

Brittany, do the honors.

Krusty hands Brittany an oversized sparkler. He picks her up and allows her to light the fuse.

BACK TO BART AND LISA

They look on with expressions of gleeful anticipation. Brittany lights the fuse. There is an **EXPLOSION**, a huge puff of smoke and Sideshow Bob drops out of the mouth of the cannon.

SIDESHOW BOB (O.S.)

(WEAK ECHOING SLIDE WHISTLE)

Sideshow Bob crawls out of the cannon. He is sooty and smoky from head to foot. His grass skirt has been replaced by oversized polka-dotted boxer shorts. He sits dazed for a moment, then collapses.

KRUSTY

(LAUGH) Don't blame me --

Krusty turns to the camera.

KRUSTY/BART/LISA/CHILDREN

I didn't do it!

Everyone **LAUGHS**.

BART

Comedy, thy name is Krusty.

KRUSTY

Hey, kids. It's time for Itchy and Scratchy. (CHILDREN CHEER)

The **ITCHY AND SCRATCHY** theme **MUSIC** comes on.

ITCHY AND SCRATCHY CHORUS

"They fight, they bite/they bite and  
fight and bite/bite, bite, bite/fight,  
fight, fight/The Itchy and Scratchy  
Show."

We hear some idyllic MUSIC: The opening of the William Tell Overture. Scratchy is asleep in a hammock. PAN to Itchy, who is holding a flaming arrow. He fires it and hits Scratchy in the butt. Scratchy starts to run around as the flames rapidly engulf him. We CUT TO Itchy who is CHUCKLING while pouring gasoline into a bucket marked WATER.

INT. SIMPSON LIVING ROOM

Marge has entered. Bart and Lisa are LAUGHING at the cartoon.

CLOSE-UP - MARGE

She watches the cartoon, appalled.

CUT WIDE

MARGE

All this senseless violence. I don't understand its appeal.

BART

We don't expect you to, Mom.

LISA

If cartoons were meant for adults, they'd put them on in prime time.

Marge picks up the telephone and dials.

EXT. NUCLEAR POWER PLANT - ESTABLISHING - DAY

INT. NUCLEAR POWER PLANT - DAY

There's a red wall-phone. A light is flashing and a siren is BLARING. Homer is eating a donut. He goes to the phone and picks it up.

HOMER (INTO PHONE)

(VERY CASUAL) Y'ello.

MARGE (INTO PHONE)

Hello, Homie. I was hoping you could pick up a half gallon of premium ice cream on your way home from work.

HOMER (INTO PHONE)

Oooh, premium -- wait a minute. Why?

MARGE (INTO PHONE)

Patty and Selma are coming over to show us slides from their trip to the Yucatan.

HOMER (INTO PHONE)

(ANNOYED GRUNT)

The doorbell RINGS and we HEAR the front door open.

PATTY (O.S.)

Hello?

SELMA (O.S.)

Yoo hoo! Anybody home?

MARGE (INTO PHONE)

I've got to go, Homer. My sisters are here.

Marge hangs up the phone.

**NEW ANGLE**

Patty and Selma enter the living room. They each have a stack of four slide carousels in their arms.

MARGE

Oh, eight carousels. We're in for a real treat!

Bart and Lisa look agog.



Bart **SLAPS** himself on the forehead. Bart and Lisa look at each other agog.

BART/LISA

(SMALL GROAN)

INT. KWIK-E-MART - EARLY EVENING

The only people in the store are APU, the storekeeper, and Krusty the Clown, who is in full make-up and costume and wearing a small black robber's mask over his eyes. Krusty is putting a burrito in the microwave oven. Homer enters and crosses to the freezer case.

APU

(TO HOMER) Hello, steady customer.

How are you this evening, sir?

HOMER

How you doin', Apu?

The microwave bell **RINGS**. Krusty removes the steaming burrito and, munching it, crosses to the magazine counter. Homer slides open the top of the ice cream freezer and peers in with delight.

HOMER

(TO HIMSELF) Mmm, chocolate... oooh,  
double chocolate... (GASPS) New flavor!  
Triple chocolate!

He lifts the ice cream out with a **GRUNT**.

HOMER (CONT'D)

(TO HIMSELF) Perhaps a little  
something for the trip back to the cash  
register.

He reaches back in and takes out an ice cream bar. During the above exchange, Krusty has picked up a copy of the Springfield Review of Books. He reads it and **CHUCKLES**. Homer crosses back to the counter with the gallon of ice cream, an opened ice cream sandwich, and the ice cream bar.

APU

What's the matter, sir? Never have I  
seen you look so unhappy while  
purchasing such a large quantity of ice  
cream.

HOMER

The reason I look unhappy is that  
tonight I have to see a slide show  
starring my wife's sisters -- or as I  
call them, "the gruesome twosome."

(CHUCKLES)

Krusty puts the magazine in his pocket and crosses to the counter. He is standing directly behind Homer. He takes out a gun. Apu is giving Homer his change from the ice cream. Homer steps back to exit and steps on Krusty's toe. Krusty starts jumping up and down on one foot.

KRUSTY

Ow, my foot, you lousy, stupid,  
clumsy....

HOMER

(TURNING AROUND) Sorry, pal...

Homer sees the gun.

HOMER (CONT'D)

(GASPS)

Homer **SCREAMS** and dives out of sight behind a chips display.

KRUSTY

Hand over all your money in a paper  
bag.

APU

Yes, Yes, I know the procedure for  
armed robbery. I do work in a  
convenience store, you know.

Apu hands over the money. Krusty makes a hasty retreat  
from the store. Apu addresses Homer, who is still hiding.

APU (CONT'D)

You can emerge now from my chips. The  
opportunity to prove yourself a hero is  
long gone.

Homer SIGHS with relief and comes out from behind the  
chips.

INT. SIMPSON LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Everyone is gathered around the television. Marge sits on  
the couch next to Patty and Selma, who share the slide  
projector's remote control. Bart, wearing a sombrero, Lisa  
in a serape, and Maggie with a maraca, sit on the floor and  
watch the slides, totally bored. We see a picture of  
TWENTY MIDDLE-AGED WOMEN posing in front of a tour bus.

SELMA

This is our tour group.

MARGE

Mmm-hmm.

Next we see Selma eating a taco.

PATTY

This is a Mexican delicacy called a  
taco platter. Hmmm, delicious.

Next up is a picture of Selma lying in bed in her battleaxe  
underwear and a pointy bra.

PATTY

This is Selma taking a siesta.

BART

Aye carumba!

EXT. KWIK-E-MART - NIGHT

A police car with lights flashing is parked in the middle of the parking lot. Homer is talking to a POLICE SKETCH ARTIST. Apu steps out of the store, talking to police officers LOU and EDDIE.

APU

(DISILLUSIONED) Oh please, the land of opportunity, they said. If you ask me, the opportunity is to get a bullet through your head.

The Police Artist draws a sketch.

HOMER

And he had a big nose.

Homer looks at the picture.

HOMER (CONT'D)

No, bigger. And big red hair that came out to... yeah, yeah like that.

POLICE ARTIST

Well, it is a simple charcoal rendering, but is this the man?

The Police Artist turns the pad around, revealing a perfect likeness of the clown.

HOMER

Yeah. Wait a minute. I know him.  
It's the guy from TV. My kid's hero...  
Cruddy... Crummy... Krusty the Clown!

**INT. SIMPSON LIVING ROOM**

Everyone is still on the couch. The kids are asleep.

**PATTY**

This is the ladies room at Chichen  
Itza.

We see FOUR WEARY MEXICANS carrying her.

**PATTY**

And this is Selma in front of a statue  
of the Mayan god of sloth.

We see a statue that looks just like Homer.

**SELMA**

(TO MARGE) Remind you of anyone?

**MARGE**

(MURMURS) I sure hope Homer's all  
right.

**INT. KRUSTY'S APARTMENT**

Krusty is still in his make-up and costume. Happily  
HUMMING he goes to pour himself a drink, splashing water  
ever so delicately from a seltzer bottle. He sinks back in  
his easy chair.

**KRUSTY**

Aaaaah.

Suddenly a battering ram BREAKS DOWN the front door and the  
SPRINGFIELD SWAT TEAM enters from every window. All the  
cops stand in the freeze position with their guns pointing  
at Krusty. POLICE CHIEF WIGGUM enters.

**KRUSTY**

Hey, hey. What's going on here?

WIGGUM

Krusty the Clown, you are under arrest  
for armed robbery. You have the right  
to remain silent. Any thing you say  
blah, blah, blah, blah, blah, blah,  
blah, blah, blah.

KRUSTY

What... is this a joke?

INT. SPRINGFIELD POLICE STATION

Homer is sitting next to Police Chief Wiggum behind a two-way mirror.

WIGGUM

Ready, Mr. Simpson?

HOMER

Yes, sir.

WIGGUM

(TO FLUNKY) Send in the clowns

The FLUNKY walks away and moments later FIVE GLUM CLOWNS  
file in and take their positions. Each clown has a number  
pinned to his chest. Krusty wears the number 4.

WIGGUM (CONT'D)

So, Simpson. Which one is it?

Homer scrutinizes each one carefully and begins to LAUGH.

HOMER

(LAUGHING) Well, if the crime is  
making me laugh, they're all guilty.

WIGGUM

No, which one is the robber?

HOMER

Oh, definitely number... (STARTS  
LAUGHING AGAIN) Heh heh...

WIGGUM

(STERN) Simpson. Simpson!

HOMER

(INTIMIDATED) Four.

INT. SIMPSON LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

PATTY

And this is all the mail that awaited  
us upon our return.

MARGE

Hmmm hmmm.

PATTY

And this is Selma dropping off our  
vacation film to be developed.

MARGE

Hmmm hmmm.

SELMA

Thus concludes our Mexican odyssey.

MARGE

Very... thorough.

Marge flicks on the lights. The kids awake blinking. Just  
then we hear the front door OPEN and Homer enters.

HOMER

I'm home everybody.

PATTY

Oh, goody gundrops.

SELMA

You missed the whole slide show, Homer.

HOMER

Oh fantastic. (THEN) Marge, you're  
never gonna believe what happened. I  
was down at the Kwik-E-Mart minding my  
own business... (HE LOOKS AT HIS WATCH)  
Oooh oooh, the news.

Homer rushes to the TV and turns on the news. News THEME  
MUSIC is heard from the television set.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

Springfield's number one news team with  
our Emmy award winning anchorman, Kent  
Brockman.

Everyone's head turns to the television. On the screen is  
an attractive man in his forties.

SCOTT CHRISTIAN

Good evening. I'm Scott Christian.  
Kent Brockman is off tonight. Why did  
the clown cross the road?

HOMER

Whooo -- here it is.

SCOTT CHRISTIAN

To rob a Kwik-E-Mart.

In a mortise behind his head is a graphic of a hand  
clutching a bag of money with a dollar sign emblazoned on  
the front.



SCOTT CHRISTIAN

The news story behind that enigmatic  
half-joke right after this commercial  
message.

A DUFF BEER COMMERCIAL comes on.

HOMER

Oh, wait a minute. Bart -- you know  
that guy on your lunch box?

BART

Oh, you mean Krusty the Clown?

HOMER

He's sort of a hero of yours, isn't he?

BART

Are you kidding? He's my idol. I've  
based my whole life on Krusty's  
teachings.

HOMER

Well, uh... then maybe you better run  
off to bed...

SCOTT CHRISTIAN

Krusty the Clown is behind bars tonight  
after a daring twilight robbery of a  
local Kwik-E-Mart.

LISA

Oh no!

Maggie's eyes bulge.

BART

(GASPS) Krusty!

HOMER

(MOANS)

BACK TO TV

SCOTT CHRISTIAN

Earlier this evening, the Springfield Swat Team apprehended the TV clown, who appears on a rival station opposite our own Emmy award-winning Hobo Hank.

We see footage of a battering ram SMASHING into the exterior of Krusty's house. The Swat Team is swarming over the house. Moments later, Krusty emerges, handcuffed behind his back and looking dour, accompanied by Police Chief Wiggum.

SCOTT CHRISTIAN (CONT'D)

And just in... actual footage of the crime taken with the Kwik-E-Mart security camera.

We see black-and-white tape of the crime.

HOMER

The reason I look unhappy is that tonight I have to see a slide show starring my wife's sisters -- or as I call them, "the gruesome twosome."

(CHUCKLES)

The scene on TV continues to play under the following dialog.

MARGE

Oh, Homer.

PATTY

So, the truth comes out.

Bart is staring at the television in disbelief.

BACK TO TV

Krusty brandishing his gun at Apu.

KRUSTY

Hand over all your money in a paper bag.

BART

Oh... oh! Krusty, how could you?

Marge takes Bart to her bosom to comfort.

MARGE

Oh, Bart. I know it looks very bad, honey -- but Krusty will get his day in court and... who knows? Maybe it'll turn out he was innocent all along.

HOMER

Earth to Marge. Earth to Marge. I was there... the clown's (SPELLING) G-I-L-L-I-T-Y.

INT. BART'S ROOM - DAY

A depressed Bart is sitting in his Krusty the clown pajamas looking at his Krusty doll. A framed eight-by-ten picture of Krusty hangs by the bed. Bart sadly pulls on a cord on the doll causing a recorded voice to play.

KRUSTY (V.O.)

You're my best friend.

BART

Thanks, Krusty.

Bart pulls the cord again.

KRUSTY (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Buy my cereal! (LAUGHS)

Bart pulls the cord again.

KRUSTY (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Buy my cereal. (LAUGHS)

Bart does it yet again.

KRUSTY (V.O.)

I didn't do it.

BART

I wish I could believe you.

Bart shuts out the lights and goes to sleep.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

ON TV

We see the smiling face of Krusty, on which jail door bars SLAM shut with a resounding CLANG. We SUPER the title: KRUSTY GETS BUSTED. Then the subtitle: THE DAY THE LAUGHTER DIED. The graphic becomes a mortise over the shoulder of newsman KENT BROCKMAN, who addresses the camera.

KENT BROCKMAN

Good evening again, Springfield.

Krusty the Clown, the beloved idol of countless tots, now nothing more than a common alleged criminal. His trial, which begins tomorrow, has taken center ring in a national media circus as children of all ages, from eight to eighty, hang on each new development like so many Rumanian trapeze artists.

During above speech, the covers of the following publications appear in the background including: Timely Magazine with a demonic picture of Krusty. The headline reads: KROOK OF THE YEAR. Newsweekly with cover picture of Krusty. Headline reads: RHYMES WITH DASTARD. Today's Guns with a picture of Apu on cover, brandishing a huge handgun. Headline reads: .357 MAGNUM -- THE CLOWNSTOPPER; "NEXT TIME I'LL BE READY FOR YOU, MR. CLOWN-MAN."

KENT BROCKMAN

From his humble beginnings as a street mime in Tupelo, Mississippi...

In the B.G. we see a black-and-white snapshot of a street mime being ignored by old-timers sitting in front of a general store.

KENT BROCKMAN (CONT'D)

Krusty clowned his way to the top of a personal mini-empire --

In B.G. we see Krusty coffee mugs, T-shirts, calendars, sleepwear, etc.

KENT BROCKMAN (CONT'D)

-- with dozens of endorsements, including his own line of pork products. This may have led to one of television's best-loved bloopers -- Krusty's near fatal on-the-air heart attack in 1986.

Some labeled "File Footage" shows Krusty addressing camera. Kids are CHEERING.

KRUSTY

Wasn't that a great Itchy and Scratchy cartoon, kids? Well, we've got another one coming right up, but first I got a hankering for some pork products.

CAMERA PANS as Krusty steps behind a little kitchen counter where Sideshow Bob, wearing a chef's hat, is preparing various pork products. In background are packages of KRUSTY brand meats.

KRUSTY

Mmmm. Look! Plump succulent sausage, honey-smoked bacon and glistening, sizzling...(GASPING SOUND)

Krusty begins to have a heart attack. He grabs his chest, falls to the floor and starts rolling around. The kids LAUGH and CHEER at his antics. The footage ends and we go back to the stone-faced announcer. b.g. shows photo of Krusty's operation.

KENT BROCKMAN

But a quick triple bypass and a  
pacemaker later, Krusty bounced back.  
However, he was a changed clown. Where  
his show had been condemned by parents  
and educators alike as simple-minded TV  
mayhem...

In B.G. we see various shots of simple-minded TV mayhem,  
all of it directed against Sideshow Bob.

KENT BROCKMAN (CONT'D)

This new Krusty devoted a small portion  
of every show to stamping out  
illiteracy in today's anything-for-a-  
thrill youth.

We see Krusty holding "Catcher In The Rye" upside-down.  
Sideshow Bob is standing alongside with a bucket labeled:  
Bucket o' books.

KRUSTY

Give a hoot! Read a book!

KENT BROCKMAN (CONT'D)

Krusty's arrest has sent shock waves  
through Springfield, packing its  
churches, synagogues and mosques with  
disillusioned citizenry from all walks  
of life.

We see REVEREND LOVEJOY addressing his congregation.



REV. LOVEJOY

I urge every halfway decent member of  
our community to gather up all  
merchandise that bears the likeness of  
Krusty, that clown prince of  
corruption, and join me in a public  
burning.

We see Bart in church, looking extremely shocked. Marge  
comforts him.

KENT BROCKMAN

So is Krusty the Clown about to trade  
in his baggy pants for the relatively  
snug uniform of Springfield  
Penitentiary? We'll find out tomorrow  
when his trial begins.

In B.G. a mortise of a bowed Krusty expands to fill the  
screen. He is in prison clothes, without make-up, although  
his hair style is very similar and his nose is still quite  
rosy and bulbous.

MATCH DISSOLVE  
TO:

EXT. SPRINGFIELD COURTHOUSE STEPS - DAY

Krusty is getting out of a paddy wagon. We PULL BACK to  
reveal we are on the courthouse steps. Homer, Bart and  
Lisa are among the throng of REPORTERS AND BYSTANDERS.  
Krusty is accompanied by his LAWYER.

REPORTER #1

What kind of gun did you use?

REPORTER #2

Did you use an accomplice?

REPORTER #3

Will you plead insanity?

ON LISA AND BART

BART

Look at him. His clothes are so drab.

LISA

His face is so flesh-colored and sad.

BART

And his feet... they're so small.

Bart pushes through the crowd and ends up in a confrontation with Krusty.

BART (CONT'D)

Say it ain't so, Krusty.

Krusty looks at Bart for a moment, then leans in to confer in WHISPERS with his lawyer.

LAWYER

My client has no comment at this time.

KRUSTY

I didn't do it!

The reporters and bystanders all burst into derisive LAUGHTER. Krusty is yanked into the courthouse.

BART

Well I, for one, believe him.

WE CUT WIDE

Bart is alone on the steps. He turns and runs inside the courthouse.

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

JUDGE

Krusty the clown, how do you plead?

KRUSTY

I plead guilty, your honor.

The CROWD BUZZES to itself. Krusty looks bewildered. Krusty's panicked LAWYER grabs him and whispers forcefully in his ear.

KRUSTY

Uh... I mean, not guilty. Opening  
night jitters, your honor.

WIPE TO:

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

The DISTRICT ATTORNEY stands and addresses the bench.

DISTRICT ATTORNEY

I would like to call to the stand,  
Homer J. Simpson.

BART

Don't do it, Dad. Please don't do it.

HOMER

Sorry, son. You'll understand one day.

Bart grabs on to Homer's arm.

BART

He's innocent, I tell you. Krusty  
would never do something like that. Ah  
come on Dad, you gotta listen to me.

Homer gets up and, with Bart still locked on his arm, EXITS FRAME towards the witness stand. A few moments later a Bailiff returns, carrying Bart by the collar, and drops him back in his seat.

**INT. COURTROOM - CLOSE ON TV MONITOR**

We see the video replay of the robbery up to the point where Homer dives behind the chips display. We PULL OUT to reveal the courtroom spectators, LAUGHING at Homer's cowardice.

HOMER

(ANNOYED GRUNT)

DISTRICT ATTORNEY

Was that you taking that cowardly dive  
into that display of heavily-salted  
snack treats?

HOMER

Yes, sir.

DISTRICT ATTORNEY

Hmmm hmmm. Do you recognize the gunman  
in this courtroom today?

HOMER

Yes, I do.

DISTRICT ATTORNEY

Fine, would you point him out to us?

HOMER

Okay.

He raises his hand and begins to point.

HOMER'S P.O.V.

Bart looks at him pleadingly.

BART'S P.O.V.

Homer hesitates.

HOMER'S P.O.V.

Bart makes a begging gesture.

**BART'S P.O.V.**

Homer shrugs and points to Krusty. Bart bows his head in disappointment.

**BART**

Oh, man.

**DISTRICT ATTORNEY**

Let the record show that the witness  
eventually pointed to Krusty the Clown.

The crowd **MURMURS**.

**INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - LISA'S BEDROOM**

Marge is piling Lisa's Krusty merchandise (posters, toys, dolls, pens, balls, cups, etc.) into a paper bag. Maggie is watching.

**MARGE**

These toys are just adorable. Who'd  
have guessed they were inspired by an  
insane criminal genius?

**CLOSE UP ON MAGGIE**

Marge pulls the pacifier from her mouth. WE SEE it has a Krusty the Clown logo on it.

**WIDE SHOT**

Marge tosses it into the bag.

Marge **MURMURS** and picks up the bag. She and Lisa exit to the hall.

**INT. HALLWAY**

Marge and Lisa cross down the hall. Homer emerges from Bart's bedroom pushing a wheelbarrow overflowing with merchandise, including Bart's bedside picture. Bart follows.

BART

But Dad, you're giving in to mob mentality.

HOMER

No, I'm not. I'm hopping on the bandwagon. Now come on, son, get with the winning team.

**EXT. SPRINGFIELD HIGH SCHOOL FOOTBALL FIELD - SUNSET**

We see a scoreboard sign that says "Go Springfield High School Neutrons." Hundreds of people are gathered for the burning. An enormous mountain of Krusty material is in the center of the field. One by one townspeople, including the Simpsons, throw their stuff on the pile.

MERCHANT

Hey, right here. Krusty souvenirs.

Buy 'em and burn 'em right here.

HOMER

Look, Bart. Everyone in town is here.

Now come on, isn't it good to see

Springfield so united?

There is a concession stand filled with Krusty merchandise. The Simpsons dump their loads into the pile just as Reverend Lovejoy steps up to it. The sky is very dark.

REV. LOVEJOY

Good people, I'm so happy you're all here tonight. But please, just a few words of caution. Now, we're going to set this pile of evil ablaze, but because these are children's toys the fire will spread quickly, so please stand back and try not to inhale the toxic fumes.

Reverend Lovejoy lights a match and tosses it on the pile. It immediately catches on fire.

CROWD

(IN AWE) Oooh!

WE BEGIN SERIES OF CLOSE UPS

of various townspeople, including DR. MARVIN MONROE, MONTGOMERY BURNS, SMITHERS, MOE, and MRS. KRABAPPEL. Their faces, bathed in the glow of the bonfire, have mesmerized, gleeful expressions.

CLOSE UP

on Bart. His face is bathed in the glow of the bonfire, too. His expression is one of abject horror. After a BEAT his expression changes to one of grim determination.

INT. COURTROOM

Krusty is on the witness stand.

DISTRICT ATTORNEY

Krusty, would you please turn your attention to Exhibit B, and tell me what you see?

The District Attorney gestures to a table where evidence is displayed, including a stack of photos from the surveillance camera, a stack of betting sheets, and a plaster cast of a huge shoeprint. They are labeled A, B, and C.

**KRUSTY**

(NERVOUSLY) Which one do you mean?

**DISTRICT ATTORNEY**

The one with the big B on it.

**KRUSTY**

(PITIFULLY) Uh... uh...

**DISTRICT ATTORNEY**

What's the matter, can't you read?

**KRUSTY**

(BREAKING DOWN INTO TEARS) No, I  
can't! I can't read or write! I admit  
it! I'm totally illiterate! Now are  
you happy?

A shock wave of **MURMURING** goes through the court.

**JUDGE**

(TO KRUSTY) Can it be that the  
champion of child literacy can't even  
read himself?

**KRUSTY**

Is it a crime to be illiterate?

District attorney holds up Exhibit B.



DISTRICT ATTORNEY

All right, all right. See this,  
Krusty? This is a 'B'. And this is  
Exhibit B. Betting slips, obtained by  
this court indicating that you have  
lost substantial sums of money on  
sports gambling --

There is appalled GASP from the crowd.

KRUSTY

Is it a crime to bet on sporting  
events?

DISTRICT ATTORNEY

Yes, it is.

KRUSTY

Oh.

WIPE TO:

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

Krusty and his Lawyer are awaiting the verdict.

KRUSTY

I'm doomed, I'm doomed, I'm doomed.

LAWYER

Shhh. The longer that a jury is out,  
the better your chances. I've got a  
good feeling about this.

The JURY re-enters. The Lawyer gives Krusty a thumbs-up  
sign.

JUDGE

Foreperson, have you reached a verdict?

FOREPERSON

Yes, we have, your honor. We find the  
defendant, Krusty the Clown... guilty.

The crowd GASPS.

LAWYER

(COMPLETELY LOSING HIS COOL) I knew  
it! This happens to me every time.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

Maggie and Lisa are watching TV. We hear some CIRCUS  
MUSIC.

ON TV

Sideshow Bob raises his whistle to his lips then hesitates  
and lowers it to his side.

SIDESHOW BOB

My young friends. For years I have  
been silent, save for the crude  
glissandos of this primitive wind  
instrument. But now destiny has thrust  
me into the center ring. In the coming  
weeks, you will notice some rather  
sweeping changes in our program.  
Please, do not be alarmed. Itchy and  
Scratchy will still have a home here,  
but we will also learn about nutrition,  
self-esteem, etiquette and all the  
lively arts.

~~BACK TO LIVING ROOM~~

Bart enters.

BART

What the hell are you doing, Lis?

LISA

I'm watching Sideshow Bob. You know,  
he's a lot less patronizing than Krusty  
used to be.

BART

You backstabber, you traitor, you...

LISA

(SLAPS BART IN THE FACE) Snap out of  
it, Bart. Face the facts. All those  
hours we spent staring at Krusty, we  
were staring at a crook.

Bart shuts off the TV.

BART

Look, Lisa, I know Krusty's innocent.  
Don't ask me why. It's just a feeling  
I have, like when you're reaching for  
the prize at the bottom of a box of  
Frosty Krusty Flakes, You can't find  
it, but you know it's there, so you  
keep on groping.

LISA

Oh, Bart.

**BART**

Come on, Lisa. I think I can prove Krusty's innocent, but I need your help.

**LISA**

You do? Why?

**BART**

Oh, come on Lis, you know why.

**LISA**

No, why?

**BART**

(RELUCTANTLY) I'll never forgive you for making me say this, but... you're smarter than me.

Lisa smiles.

**BART**

So, you with me?

**LISA**

Yeah man.

He extends his hand, palm down. Lisa puts her hand out on top of his.

**INT. KWIK-E-MART**

Bart and Lisa enter. The door RINGS.

**APU**

Okay, okay. Don't try anything funny.

I'm armed to the teeth.

Bart and Lisa cross to the burrito case and the microwave oven. They look around.

LISA

Wait a minute, Bart. Look!

Lisa points to the microwave oven.

CLOSE UP

on the microwave oven with a sign. "People with pacemakers should stay away from this thing."

BART

So? I don't have a pacemaker.

LISA

Come on, Bart. The tape showed that the robber heated up a burrito.

BART

So?

LISA

Don't you remember the get-well card we sent to Krusty? It was after his heart attack, when he had a pacemaker put in.

BART

Ah ha!

They cross over to the magazine rack. Deep in thought, Lisa picks up a Springfield Review of Books.

LISA

Wait a minute. Krusty can't read.

BART

(CRACKING) Okay! okay! So the poor guy can't read! Can't we get off his back already?

LISA

No! Don't you get it, Bart? How could Krusty have been reading a magazine if he can't read?

APU

Hey, hey. This is not a lending library. If you're not going to buy that thing, put it down or I'll blow your heads off.

LISA

Bart, I'm starting to think you're right. Krusty was framed. Did he have any enemies?

BART

I don't know, but I know someone who would: Krusty's best friend in the whole world, Sideshow Bob.

**INT. TV STUDIO**

Sideshow Bob is center ring, sitting in an upholstered red leather wing chair. Beautifully bound volumes of literature are on the shelves behind him. Sideshow Bob is wearing reading glasses.

SIDESHOW BOB

(READING) "A volley of musketry flamed, thundered, roared. A profound silence followed, broken only by the approaching footsteps of the Third Brigade."

Sideshow Bob delicately closes the book.

SIDESHOW BOB (CONT'D)

Next week, chapter thirty five of "The  
Man In The Iron Mask -The Death Of A  
Titan."

Sideshow Bob places the book on the second shelf. We HEAR  
opening strains of PIANO MUSIC.

SIDESHOW BOB

Well, kids, that's our show today. And  
now, the words of Mr. Cole Porter...

He crosses over to the piano. A stagehand hands him a  
mike. A man in a tuxedo is playing.

SIDESHOW BOB (CONT'D)

(SINGING) "Everytime we say goodbye, I  
die a little. Everytime we say  
goodbye, I wonder why a little.  
Everytime we say goodbye." (BEAT)  
Goodbye.

During the above, the children react thoughtfully, touched  
by the bittersweet lyrics.

DIRECTOR

Great show, Sideshow. Switchboards  
were jammed. The kids love you.

SIDESHOW BOB

Thanks, Ted. I'm glad we've finally  
dispelled the myth that I'm too uptown  
for the tots. And yet, I can't help  
thinking about poor Krusty.

He exits into his dressing room with his hands over his  
face, SOBBING gently to himself.

**INT. SIDESHOW BOB'S DRESSING ROOM**

Sideshow Bob is alone. The SOBBING grows LOUDER as he pulls his hands away from his face. It is lit from underneath in a sinister fashion, and we see he is, in fact, LAUGHING.

FADE OUT

**END OF ACT TWO**



**ACT THREE**

**FADE IN:**

**INT. SIDESHOW BOB'S DRESSING ROOM**

Three **MERCHANDISERS** are gathered around Sideshow Bob, who has his huge bare feet up on his desk.

**MERCHANDISER #1**

We see your face on keychains!

**MERCHANDISER #3**

-- and water-action pens!

**MERCHANDISER #1**

-- and snow domes!

**SIDESHOW BOB**

(PRESSING FINGERS TOGETHER) This is all very exciting, but I think we'd do well to explore the more upscale market. For instance, Sideshow Bob limited edition prints, collectors plates, and commemorative coins.

**Merchandisers murmur AD LIBS.**

There's a **KNOCK** on the door. A **SECURITY GUARD** sticks his head in.

**GUARD**

Some kids here to see you, Sideshow Bob. They say it's important.

Bart, Lisa and Maggie enter.

MERCHANDISER #1

(GATHERING PAPERS) Ah, well. We can  
sign these contracts tomorrow.

Sideshow Bob, removing his feet from his desk and rising,  
ushers the Merchandisers to the door.

SIDESHOW BOB

(CHUCKLING) Certainly. I take great  
pride in being able to sign my own  
name.

They all LAUGH. The Merchandisers exit.

LISA

Hi, Sideshow Bob.

BART

Sideshow Bob, can we ask you a few

SIDESHOW BOB

Forgive me, children. As much as  
Sideshow Bob would love to chat, he has  
a show starting in moments. Here you  
go. Three tickets, be my guest.

BART

(RELUCTANTLY) Well, okay, but...

SIDESHOW BOB

Come, come, let's run along.

Sideshow Bob ushers them out of the room. Bart, Lisa and  
Maggie exit.

**INT. TELEVISION STUDIO - SIDESHOW BILL SHOW**

Bart, Lisa and Maggie are in the filled, darkened bleachers. Suddenly CIRCUS MUSIC begins. A spotlight hits a circular paper banner which reads, "The Sideshow Bob Cavalcade of Whimsy." Sideshow Bob BURSTS through the banner.

SIDESHOW BOB

Hello, children. Whom do you love?

In the bleachers all the children, except Bart, YELL.

LISA/CHILDREN

Sideshow Bob!

LISA (CONT'D)

Come on, Bart. Go with the flow.

SIDESHOW BOB

How much do you love me?

LISA/CHILDREN

With all our hearts!

BART

About a zillionth as much as I love  
Krusty.

**WIDE ANGLE**

SIDESHOW BOB

Today's show promises to be a marvelous  
celebration of the human spirit.

SIDESHOW BOB (CONT'D)

But first, I regret to say I see a  
youngster who looks troubled.

Sideshow Bob takes a hand microphone and goes over to Bart.

SIDESHOW BOB (CONT'D)

What's your name, young man?

BART

Bart Simpson, sir.

SIDESHOW BOB

Mmm.. Well, perhaps we can shed some light on your problem in a new segment exploring pre-adolescent turmoil. I call it "Choices."

BART

I don't think so, sir.

SIDESHOW BOB

Bart, I'm reaching out to you.

Sideshow Bob reaches a hand out. Reluctantly Bart lets himself be led up on the stage to a spotlit alcove with Corbusier chairs. Sideshow Bob and Bart sit.

SIDESHOW BOB (CONT'D)

So what's on your mind, Bart? I bet the other children don't accept you.

BART

True, Sideshow Bob, but that doesn't bother me. You see, my sisters and I have been doing a little investigating, and it looks to us like Krusty was framed.

SIDESHOW BOB

(NERVOUS) Framed?

**BART**

Well, the videotape showed that the thief used the microwave oven at the Kwik-E-Mart. But Krusty couldn't go near the thing. Not with his pacemaker.

**SIDESHOW BOB**

You know Bart, as much as I love Krusty, he was never one to take doctors' orders too seriously.

**BART**

Well, maybe. But, get this, Krusty was illiterate and the guy who robbed the store was reading the Springfield Review of Books.

**SIDESHOW BOB**

Ah, well, Bart...

Sideshow Bob reaches into his back pocket and produces a copy of the Springfield Review of Books.

**SIDESHOW BOB (CONT'D)**

The fact is, you don't have to be able to read to enjoy the Springfield Review of Books. Just look at these amusing caricatures of Gore Vidal and Susan Sontag.

Bart looks at the pictures and **CHUCKLES** weakly.

**BART**

Yeah, I guess those are kinda funny.

SIDESHOW BOB

Bart, (TO AUDIENCE) children, this whole sordid affair has been a shock to all of us, but we must get on with our lives. Let's try to remember Krusty not as a hardened criminal, but as that lovable jester who honked his horn and puttered around in his little car.

BART

(GOING ALONG) And shot you out of a cannon.

SIDESHOW BOB

(BITTERLY) And shot me out of a cannon. Yes, we will never forget that, will we? (THEN) Bart, open your heart. I admit I have some mighty big shoes to fill, but if you give me a chance, I promise you won't be disap...

PULL IN on Bart. His eyes widen.

SIDESHOW BOB (V.O.)

(ECHOING) Big shoes to fill. Big shoes to fill. Big shoes to fill.

SIDESHOW BOB

You know, in ancient Greece, there was a school of thought called stoicism...

PULL IN on Bart. We begin a FLASHBACK MONTAGE: A) Sideshow Bob and Krusty both with big floppy shoes clowning around. B) Homer stepping on the toe of the robber's big floppy shoe and the robber reacting in pain. C) Krusty being led up the courthouse steps. We PULL IN on his little shoes. D) Closer shot of Homer stepping on the toe of the floppy shoe. E) Close shot of robber reacting in pain. F) Sideshow Bob in his dressing room with his huge bare feet on the desk.

BACK TO RING

BART

(OUTRAGED) Wait a minute! You did it!

SIDESHOW BOB

Excuse me?

Bart grabs a microphone.

BART

Krusty didn't rob that store. Sideshow

Bob framed him and I got proof.

Bart reaches o.s. and grabs a mallet, **SMACKING** Sideshow Bob on the tip of one of his shoes. Sideshow Bob reacts just as he did in the Kwik-E-Mart.

SIDESHOW BOB

Ow, my foot, you lousy, stupid,  
clumsy...

Children **GASP**

BART

See that? Krusty wore big floppy shoes  
but he's got little feet, like all  
good-hearted people.

Bart smashes Sideshow Bob on his other foot.

BART (CONT'D)

Sideshow Bob really has got big ugly  
feet.

Bart smashes Sideshow Bob on his other foot again.

NEW ANGLE

We PULL OUT to reveal Police Chief Wiggum, Eddie and Lou  
watching the show at the police station.

LOU

The kid's right.

EDDIE

How do you figure we missed that?

WIGGUM

Get off your duffs, boys. Get down to  
that studio!

They zip out of the office.

WIPE TO:

EXT. TELEVISION STATION

The police are leading a handcuffed Sideshow Bob into a  
paddywagon as Bart, Lisa and Maggie look on along with the  
kids from the audience.

SIDESHOW BOB

Yes, I admit it. I hated him. His  
hackneyed shenanigans robbed me of my  
dignity for years. I played the  
buffoon while he squandered a fortune  
on his vulgar appetites. That's why I  
framed Krusty. I would have gotten  
away with it too if it weren't for  
these meddling kids.



BART

Take him away, boys.

The kids CHEER.

SIDESHOW BOB

Treat kids as equals. They're people  
too. They're smarter than you think.

They were smart enough to catch me.

The CHEERING continues as we:

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. JAILHOUSE - DAY

The Simpsons and Krusty, who is in full make-up and costume, emerge from the jailhouse to the CHEERS of the CROWD and MEDIA.

WIGGUM

Well, we made a terrible, terrible  
mistake. Uh... it won't happen again.

KRUSTY

It better not, you dimwit.

Homer steps up to Krusty.

HOMER

Krusty, I'm man enough to admit I was  
wrong, and I'm sorry I fingered you in  
court. I sincerely hope that the  
horrible stories I heard about what  
goes on in prison are exaggerated.

KRUSTY

Well, the important thing is that I  
regained the trust of the children, but  
there was one boy who trusted me all  
along. Bart?

Bart steps forward.

BART

Yes, sir.

KRUSTY

Thank you.

They shake hands. We see flashes, hear a CLICK and

**FREEZE FRAME**

on Krusty shaking Bart's hand.

MATCH CUT TO:

A black-and-white picture of the scene autographed in  
crude, misshapen letters, "Thanks, Krusty".

We PULL BACK to reveal Bart in his pajamas hanging the  
picture on the wall over his bed. He smiles and gets under  
the covers. We PULL BACK FURTHER to reveal mountains and  
mountains of new Krusty merchandise. Bart turns off the  
lights.

FADE OUT.

THE END